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THE

GRAND
MARTIN

Nineteen
Fifteen

PRINTED BY
THE TRIBUNE JOB ROOMS
CHESTERTON, IND.

The Graduate

1915

Published by
The Senior Class
of
Chesterton High School

Dedication

To our principal, Miss Bernice C. Bassett,
who has been a faithful friend of the class of
1915, we sincerely dedicate this, our Graduate.



Miss Bernice C. Bassett

Principal of C. H. S. 1914-15.

Teacher at Stockwell, Ind., 3 years.

Teacher at Brookston, Ind., 1 year.

Graduate of De Pauw University.

Latin and English.

"Officious, innocent, sincere,

Of every friendless name the friend."



Chesterton High School

Editor's Foreword

After many trials and disappointments, we, the Senior Class of 1915, submit to you, our school-mates, teachers and friends, this GRADUATE, with the hope that it may be deemed as worthy as its predecessors.

We, as a class, wish to thank Mr. Goldsborough for his kind advice to us all through our school life. We also extend our thanks to the faculty, fellow students and business men for their hearty co-operation.

HELEN RUGGLES.

History of Chesterton High School

Prior to the organization of a high school, in Chesterton, a course was given by the principal of the grades which was more or less a hap-hazard affair. One enrolled as a member without any definite idea of what studies he would be able to take. For instance he might take up algebra and a short time later be compelled to drop it because the instructor would have to give his time to the grades. However, the principal could not be held responsible in any way for the indefinite form of the course, since he was hired to instruct the lower grades and had to care for them first.

The Chesterton High School was organized in 1887 with A. R. Hardesty as Superintendent. Frederick Burstrom was then Trustee and Mr. Porter was County Superintendent of Schools. The course then consisted of one year's review of the work in the grades and three years of high school work. The first class was organ-

ized in 1890 with only two members, Hannah Whitcomb, and Mae Wibert, now Mrs. Charles Frame. The High School received its commission in 1899.

The course of study has since been enlarged and bettered until now a Commercial Course, a Latin Course, and an English Course are offered. Among the later additions are work in Agriculture and in Domestic Science.

The school building at first consisted of but four rooms besides the hall. There were two rooms downstairs and one large room and a class room upstairs, the latter being used by the High School and the upper grades.

In 1891 what is now the front of the present building was built on to the old building. The building remained this way until 1911. During the summer and fall of 1911 the old part of the building was torn down and replaced by an enlarged addition modern in its appointments.

RALPH GREENE.

The Faculty



Mr. F. M. Goldshorough

Superintendent of C. H. S. 1910-15.
Principal of C. H. S. 1905-10.
Teacher at Jackson Center, 4 years.
Teacher at Medina, Michigan, 5 years.
Graduate of Valparaiso University.

Science and Mathematics.

"Great thoughts, great feelings, come to him,
Like instincts unawares."



Miss Matilda Swanson

Teacher in History, C. H. S. 1903-15.
Teacher at Furnessville, Mosquitotown, and
Waverly.
Valparaiso University.

History.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform,"



Miss Esther Linstead

Commercial teacher at C. H. S. 1913-15.
Primary teacher at Sims, N. Dakota, 5 years.
Graduate of Valparaiso University, Commercial
Department.

Business.

"With countenance demure and modest grace."



Miss Jennie Craue

Teacher of Art, C. H. S. 1909-15.
Teacher of Domestic Science, 1913-15.
Teacher in Savannah, Ill., 1 year.
Teacher in Howe, Ind., 4 years.
Terre Haute, and Ypsilanti, Mich.
Art and Domestic Science.
"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good."



Miss Clara F. Noble

Music teacher at C. H. S. 1914-15
Teacher in Lexington, Ky., Laporte county,
Westville, LaCrosse.
Graduate of Valparaiso University.
Music.

"Music is the universal language of mankind,"

HOROSCOPE

| NAME | NICKNAME | AGE | HOBBY | SAYING | DISPOSITION | OCCUPATION | CAUSE OF DEATH |
|---------------|----------|-----------------|-------------------------------|---------------------|-------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Ralph | Danny | Old bach | Dishwashing | Aw go on | Stubborn | Selling tickets | Bashfulness |
| Grace | Gracie | An infant | Translating Virgil | Got your Virgil? | Inquisitive | Flesh reducer instructor | Heart stopped beating |
| Galen | Trixy | Search me | Curly hair | Oh, bugs! | Loving | Chief cook | Swelled head |
| Gladys | Pudge | Bashful Fifteen | Making herself popular | Say kids! Blame it! | Grouchy | Talking | Jealousy |
| Gertrude | Gertie | She won't tell | Getting Commercial Arithmetic | Land sakes! Glory! | Safe | Laughing at her own jokes | Blues |
| Edward | Foxy | Unknown | Taking Shorthand letters | Honest? | Shy | Chief advisor | Old age |
| Ethel | Silly | Old and gray | Writing poetry | Ye don't mane it! | Kind | Taking care of Gladys | Mumps |
| Mildred | Milly | Just a kid | Making eyes | Oh, shucks! | Modest | Latin at sight | Starvation |
| Helen Reese | Maggy | Sweet Sixteen | Singing | Whoop-a-la! | Bashful??? | Stenographer | Unknown |
| Edith | Billy | Sour Seventeen | Being an actress | 'S'at so? | Girlish | Athlete | Blushing |
| Lydia | Lyd | Still young | Looking up History references | Bingo! | Pleasing | Dreaming | Stopped growing |
| Helen Ruggles | Puggy | Fat and sassy | Psyche | Aw! Bloomin' | Bossy | Letter writing | Heart-broken |

Seniors



Lydia Frankie Brockmiller

Secy. and Treas. of Juniors, '14, Seniors, '15.
 "Mrs. Gilchrist"—"College Town."
 "Aunt Louisa"—"Maidens All Forlorn."
 "Aunt Sally"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."
 Thesis: "The History of Musical Instruments."
 "Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy woman."
 English.



Ralph Oliver Greene

Pres. of Juniors, '14, and Seniors, '15.
 "Tubal"—"Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date."
 "Shorty Long"—"College Town."
 "Detective Spotem"—"Borrowing Trouble."
 "Mr. Gayrusan"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."
 Thesis: "Interstate Transportation of Convict Made Goods."
 "For even though vanquished, he could argue still."
 English.



Helen Burnette Ruggles

Editor-in-Chief.
 "Marjorie Haviland"—"College Town."
 "Elizabeth Lyndon"—"Maidens All Forlorn."
 "Gertrude Osborn"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."
 Thesis: "Interesting People of Today."
 "She's a harmless creature, so therefore let her pass."
 English.

Helen Margaret Reese

Class Prophetess.

"Mrs. Mehitabel March"—"Borrowing Trouble."

Thesis: "Booker T. Washington and the Education of Negroes."

"She'll make a proper woman."
Commercial.



Edward Stanley Peterson

Business Manager.

"Pres. Gilchrist"—"College Town."

"Mr. Borrow"—"Borrowing Trouble."

"Dave Walters"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."

Thesis: "The Mexican Revolution."

"An honest man is the work of God."
Commercial.



Galen Trixie Brown

Vice. Pres. of Juniors, '14, and Seniors, '15.

"Sophia Borrow"—"Borrowing Trouble."

Thesis: "The Lake Poets."

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."
Latin.





Edith Louise Bihl

Class Will.

"Maud Merideth"—"Maidens All Forlorn."

"Rose Gayrusan"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."

Thesis: "Count Lyof N. Tolstoi."

"Her cheeks like apples which the sun has ruddied."

Latin.



Grace Irene Frame

Historian.

"Aunt Jane Cavendish"—"College Town."

"Jocelyn Denby"—"Maidens All Forlorn."

"Miss Stacy"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."

Thesis: "The Mission of the Red Cross Society."

"She is fond of innocent amusements."

Latin.



Mildred Hazel Billingham

Assistant Editor.

"Mrs. Larry Styles"—"College Town."

"Mrs. Wiggins"—"Borrowing Trouble."

"Mrs. Collins"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."

Thesis: "Children's Favorite Authors."

"Slow as Christmas, but always gets there."

Latin.

Ethel Lucinda Bull

Class Poet.

"Mrs. Malony"—"Maidens All Forlorn."

"Alice Smith"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."

Thesis: "Panama—Pacific Exposition."

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

English.



Gladys Luella Eggleston

Joke Editor.

"Bertha Banisdale"—"Maidens All Forlorn."

"Linda"—"Borrowing Trouble."

"Mrs. Bump"—"The Gayrusan's Legacy."

Thesis: "Prison Reforms."

"As merry as the day is long."

Latin.



Gertrude Drake

"Mrs. Borrow"—"Borrowing Trouble."

Thesis: "Famous Women."

"Then she will laugh—ye gods, how she will laugh."

Latin.



Our Class

Composed of merry boys and girls,
We work for all things great and small;
Our envious eyes watch younger girls,
When we leave the old school hall.

We are just twelve jolly members,
In Our Senior Class so grand;
And whene'er there's fun around us,
We are always there on hand.

First comes Danny tall and spare,
With dreamy eyes and nut brown hair;
Then baby Mill (y)* whose spelling rare,
Won honors for our class so fair.

Then Sill (y)* the giggler with dark brown
curls,
And O! the bolts of mirth she hurls;
And rose-cheeked Bill (y)* whose winsome
ways,
Win hosts of friends where'er she stays.

And Foxy Ed whose speech profound,
Holds all the populace spellbound;
Then there's a dark-haired girl called Pudge,
Who'd spend her time in eating fudge.

Then brown-eyed Trixie with coal black hair,
And girls whose love she lost, would care;
Most lids are flat; our Lyd is tall,
We hope she ne'er will have a fall.

Gerty's as silly as the day is long,
We cannot drown her with a song;
There's another light-haired girl called Puggy,
Do you think she ever rode in a buggy?

Gracie's a maiden of slender form,
Her heart is tender, true, and warm;
Maggie's a maiden of beautiful mien,
And a bigger cut-up was never seen.

This is all of our happy throng,
Who have mastered Science, Latin, and song;
We bid farewell to our loved school,
Where we've tried our best to keep each rule.

ETHEL BULL.

*Poetic license.

In Memoriam



Florence Johnson

A kindly soul from us has gone,
The voice we loved is still;
Her vacant seat stands empty here,
It never can be filled.

We miss her bright and beaming face,
Her soul from us is cleft,
Oh! who will come to fill her place
In the lives that she has left?

We miss her in her sorrowed class,
We miss her in the school,
We miss this bright and blooming lass,
Whose looks were never cool.

Oh, we will meet her up above,
When at the judgment bar we stand;
Up in the land of peace and love
We'll never parted be again.

ETHEL BULL.

Class Officers

Ralph Greene - - - - President
Galen Brown - - - - Vice-President
Lydia Brockmiller - Secretary and Treasurer

Graduate Staff

Helen Ruggles - - - - Editor-in-Chief
Mildred Dillingham - - - Assistant Editor
Edward Peterson - - - Business Manager
Lydia Brockmiller - - - Social Editor
Helen Reese - - - - Class Prophetess
Gladys Eggleston - - - Joke Editor
Ethel Bull - - - - Class Poet
Grace Frame - - - - Class Historian

Book of Chronicles

CHAPTER I.

The tribe gathered—a period of rest decreed—the number of the band.

1. Now there abode in that land which borders on the river Knowledge, men of the tribe of 1915 and they were people mighty in valor.

2. And it came to pass on the third day of the ninth month of the seventh year of the reign of Goldsborough, the King, that a great Multitude was gathered together unto that place which is called Assembly, for it had been spread abroad with a great noise, yea even by the press, that these would prepare to make a journey unto that land which is called High School Land.

3. And when the time had fully come the scribes and the elders and the mighty men of valor of the tribe of 1915 entered unto that place which is called Assembly and did clap their hands.

4. And the ruler spake unto the pilgrims many words of counsel and warning spake he unto them and they saw that his words were good and they were pleased in their hearts.

5. And a period of rest was proclaimed by the king and they all rejoiced greatly and the number about to go on the journey was eighteen.

CHAPTER II.

The beginning of the pilgrimage—the division of the march—the tests of the pilgrims.

1. Now when the period of rest was fully past all were again assembled on the border of that district which is called Freshmandom of the house Dexter.

2. And the High Priest Galeman, the Just, spake unto them and expounded the plan saying:

3. "Behold, among you are many men who are mighty in valor, but there are also among you those who are less strong in body but keen of mind and cunning.

4. Wherefore it is not meet that ye shall travel by one road, but ye shall travel by divers ways. Choose ye therefore which ye will take."

5. Now the names of the roads were Hsilgne, Nital and Laicremmoc, which being interpreted are English, Latin and Commercial.

6. And again the High Priest spake unto

them and said, "Hear, O ye people. At the end of every month and of every five months trial shall be made, and if ye prove not yourselves to be valiant and faithful ye, even ye shall not receive a credit?"

7. Now the people rebelled in their hearts against this thing, but none durst raise his voice against the High Priest, for is it not the law, "Rebel not against the authority of the High Priest or assuredly thou shall not receive a credit?"

8. And when the High Priest had ceased, they entered the territory of the Freshmen and traveled until they reached the utmost borders of Freshmandom, even unto Sopbomoreland.

9. And again Goldsborough the King, decreed a rest, and great was the joy of all.

CHAPTER III.

Arthur proclaimed High Priest—certain pilgrims desert the band—festivities.

1. And when the period of rest had fully passed, the pilgrims entered the land of the Sophomore, and took it unto themselves.

2. So it came to pass that when the tribe was again assembled Arthur was chosen High Priest, for Galeman had forsaken us.

3. And certain ones of the pilgrims; Arthur surnamed Junior, Alice the fair, and Clara, Roy the Wiseman, and Roy the son of Linderman, became weary of the journey and deserted us.

4. Now there arose a mighty storm and verily the snow packed hard, therefore the pilgrims decreed among themselves to have a bobride.

5. Then Leonard spake unto the people saying, "Afterwards come ye unto my house and feast."

6. And the people cried with a loud voice "Tobuye," which is being interpreted, "You bet."

7. Now certain of the Gentiles desired to join with the pilgrims for it was rumored that there would be much to eat and these Gentiles were a hungry people.

8. Wherefore as their number was small and they were a warlike people their petition did not find favor in the eyes of the pilgrims, and verily they were ditched.

9. Now it was the custom among the tribes

of the realm of High School Land to hold each year a feast known as a Class Party.

10. Therefore, a decree went about the land that the festivities would be held the day before the Kaleuds of April.

11. And so it came to pass that the pilgrims gathered and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

12. Then William of Cradit joined our band but soon deserted us taking with him Leonard the Hospitable.

13. And the pilgrims journeyed on and soon came they unto the borders of the land of Juniordum and King Goldsborough proclaimed a rest.

CHAPTER IV.

Members of tribe missing—death of Florence.

1. And when the time of rest had fully passed the tribe of 1915 proceeded on their journey into the land of the Juniors.

2. Now it came to pass when the pilgrims were again assembled to start on their journey lo! Gerald, the Energetic, Alice, and Carl, called Good-natured failed to answer the roll call.

3. And when the tribe had journeyed on their way for a space of thirty days, Florence the Good, one of the members of the tribe passed out of our land to abide with the angels for evermore.

4. Now there was a certain Gentile, called Ralph, of the tribe of '14, who grew weary of his own band and fell by the wayside.

5. As the pilgrims journeyed on their way lo! they beheld him weak and crippled and the good Samaritans took him unto their tribe.

6. Now Ralph was a man mighty in valor and ere the year was out he was chosen leader of the band.

7. And now it came to pass that the pilgrims and certain ones of the Gentiles were overcome by the spirit of the drama and it was noised about the land that they would give "Nwot Egelloe A" which is being interpreted "A College Town."

8. Now during the sixth month of the third year of the pilgrimage murmurings arose among the people for the colors of the banner to be chosen. And when lots had been

cast, behold! Green and White were chosen for the banner.

9. And now about this time the High Priest Arthur spake unto the pilgrims saying, "You must all give orations."

10. Now this did not receive favor in the hearts of the pilgrims, but Arthur spake, "Rebel ye not against the law of the High Priest or verily thou shall not receive a credit."

11. So the pilgrims did as they were bade.

12. Now it is a custom in the land of Juniordum to give a festival to the tribe of Seniordom.

13. Great preparations went forth throughout the kingdom and the fruits and meats of the land were gathered.

14. So it came to pass that the tribe of 1915 and the tribe of Seniordom and yea, even the scribes and elders were gathered together and feasted.

15. And again Goldsborough the King proclaimed a rest and great was the rejoicing of all.

CHAPTER V.

Coming of High Priestess Bernice,—rejoicing in the land,—festivities held.

1. Now when the pilgrims were again assembled to complete the journey they were amazed to learn that Arthur, the High Priest, had departed from the land and Priestess Bernice, of the house of Bassett had been chosen.

2. And the people were glad and rejoiced exceedingly in their hearts.

3. Now it came to pass that a certain Pilgrim Fred, the "Curly," rebelled against completing the journey.

4. But again their number was increased for they took unto themselves, Edith called Billy, Ethel, Gladys and Gertrude from the land of Jackson and Liberty.

5. Now these pilgrims were a merry people and they enjoyed many festivities and games throughout the journey.

6. So the people went on their way rejoicing, and for a space there was peace in the land.

GRACE FRAME.

Class Prophecy

The sun had been shining brightly all day. It had been warm and the atmosphere was the kind that made everybody drowsy and sleepy. Just before sundown, I went out to find a place where I might rest awhile, and found it in the shade of a friendly old oak tree. Everything was quiet. I was left alone to the world and my thoughts. I sat thinking of the days that had gone and the days that were to come, and wondered where I would be before long and what would happen to me. I asked the same question regarding my classmates. I thought it would be interesting to know what would happen to them after they had left the shelter of the old school house. How long I sat and thought of these things I do not know. I do remember that everything was now dark. The daylight had vanished far below the horizon and the sky was dotted with stars. I was dazed and looked around. But I soon remembered that I had gone out to seek rest and had fallen asleep. That did not seem to be all that had happened, because I found out that I had been dreaming. My dream was very strange. It has come back to me several times and I have wondered if it will ever come true. As it concerned you, my dear friends and classmates, I shall endeavor to relate it to you as I remember it:

I dreamed that with a guide, I was traveling through a large mountain range which contained many caves. We came to one cave that seemed to be different from the others in that there were people living in it. My guide told me that it was a very interesting place, and asked me if I wanted to go through it. He said that I might see some people that I knew, living in this curious abode. I was very much surprised to hear this and waited impatiently to enter. When we came into the cave I wondered why it was known by that name. To me it seemed more like a park than anything else. Birds were singing merrily and flowers were blooming everywhere. I had many questions to ask and was about to consult my guide when I discovered to my amazement that my power of speech had been taken away from me. (How did it happen?) I could not say a word. So in silence I walked on, until we came to a large stone where my guide stopped. The stone was very high and steep and its sides were as smooth as glass. On one side of it

there words were inscribed: "Ye that are wise may climb with ease." This interested me so much that I looked up to see if there was any one on top of the stone. When, lo! and behold! there sat Mildred Dillingham, Grace Frame and Edith Bihl talking Latin as fast as their tongues could move. What they were saying I cannot tell you, as I had no knowledge of Latin and could not translate their conversation. For that matter I do not think anybody could, at the rate they were going. Perhaps they themselves did not know what they were talking about. They might have seen me coming, at a distance, and wanting to show me that they were making use of their knowledge, started to say whatever came to their minds first. I noticed that after I had craned my neck for about ten minutes in a vain effort to see them, that they did not care to look down at me, so I motioned to my guide to move on.

We had not gone very far before we stopped again. Here I saw Ethel Bull sitting alone talking to herself. Upon venturing closer, I heard that she was composing a poem. She was trying to write her masterpiece. I was surprised to see that she still retained the desire to make poetry that she had when she was attending the C. H. S. I was not the only one watching her; there were many other people visiting the cave, but this did not seem to bother her. She was saying, "Now let me see, what rhymes with 'school'? 'Pool, fool, tool.' No those won't do. Oh! dear! when will I get this done?" I knew that I could not help her out because my brain did not run in that direction so I left her to her own fate.

We journeyed on until we came to a cross-road. Again my interest was directed to some one sitting at the end of the road, so we stopped again. There on a pretty spot of grass sat Helen Ruggles. She was writing letters, as usual. Many books were lying on the desk at which she sat, some were on the ground and one was on her lap. By her side stood her faithful attendant (or should I say servant?) Ralph Greene, waiting to mail that letter to the "other one," picking up books, looking at pictures, and ready to do what she demanded. I soon learned that they did not need me there so we continued to walk around the cave.

Our next stopping place was beside Gladys Eggleston and Gertrude Drake. They were talking very rapidly. At first I did not know what their conversation was about, but when I saw that they each had a piece of tissue paper about six inches square, I readily guessed that the topic of discussion was "Teacher's Exam. Questions." They were asking and answering the questions. I stood and listened for a while, and before I left I heard Gertrude say in her disgusted manner, "Well I don't think those are fair at all. What do we know about that? Oh, I'm so mad." Gladys' answer was the usual giggle.

On the same grassy plot not far from where Helen sat I saw Lydia Brockmiller. She was engaged in studying the essentials of history. She stood beside a large bookcase, which contained many volumes on Modern and Mediaeval History. She seemed to be very busy. One book after another she took out, opened, examined, and put back. It amused me quite a little to see her pull out all the books in the case before she discovered that the one she wanted was on the ground at her feet. This discouraged her so very much that she slammed the door to the bookcase, and walked away leaving the mysteries of the Middle Ages to be solved by some one else.

I thought that I had stayed in the cave long enough and so pointed to the path that turned from the heart of the strange place that I had entered and motioned to my guide to go on. I felt that I had seen all that there was to see in the cave, but I had not. There was more yet. On one side of the path which we had just entered I saw a beautiful lake. It was not very large and the water was still and as clear as glass. A little out of curiosity and a little for the sake of the beauty of it, I went to look at the pond. Imagine my surprise when, as I looked down into the depths of the lake, I saw an image of myself. I seemed to have a

piece of paper in my hand. My mouth was moving and although I did not hear my own voice, I hurried away as fast as I could. I have often thought afterwards that I had certainly been put away in a pretty safe place where I could sing (?) all I wanted to, disturbing nothing but the fishes in the bottom of the lake.

We were now on our way out of the cave but there were still many things to see. The next person that I saw was Edward Peterson. Beside him sat Miss Linstad. She had just finished dictating a long story to him. He had been informed that he had to typewrite it in less than five minutes and that it must be perfect, or something dreadful would happen to him. Poor Edward! at his side was an eraser the size of a brick but he did not have time to use it. He struck the keys with such vigor that the whole machine toppled over on him several times. When I had watched this performance for a short time and had seen the expression in his face, I thought I had better go or I might hear something that might not sound very well, so we moved on.

Near the exit from the cave, I made my last stop. There stood Galen Brown. She was busy washing dishes. It made me think of the C. H. S. where she had learned to wash dishes with such excellency, and I saw that she was still "on the job." She did not look as happy as usual, but it seemed as if her task must be done and she was there to do it. I noticed, however, that Galen was not only washing dishes but she was cooking something. I went up to the stove and discovered that she was making "Coddled Apples."

Friends, here is the story as I remember it. Whether it will ever come true I am not ready to say. But, I do hope that none of you will think that I have dealt wrongly with you, because dreams are only dreams and nobody is responsible for them.

HELEN REESE.



Juniors



The Junior Class

| | | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|---|---|----------------|
| Marguerite Williams | - | - | - | President |
| Ruben Carlson | - | - | - | Vice-President |
| Raymond Gustafson | Secretary and Treasurer | | | |

Colors: Purple and Gold.

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Stella Gossett | Ruben Carlson |
| Marguerite Williams | Raymond Gustafson |
| Pearl Greene | Edwin Pearson |
| Gail Shaner | Leslie Johnson |
| Martha Erickson | Cleo Brown |

The Matriculation of the Junior Class

On the 30th day of February in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen the Seniors informed us that in order to fill up space they wished us to compile an article of some kind. We thought that a prophecy would be easy to write, that all we had to do was to dream of a witch strolling into a room with books of fortune in which were shown our friends engaged in their future occupations, or be so pestered with bad dreams to have our classmates' fortunes rolled out before us.

No such good fortune came to me. For a long time I went without sleep, neglecting my lessons and trying to dream of my friends.

At last the fortunate day came. I was worn out with lack of sleep (it was Monday morning) and was trying to solve the mysteries of prisms. Suddenly I had a queer sensation, like that one has when riding on the *Air Line*.

My soul was wafted off into space. Finally I landed on a cloud where I could view the world. There I looked down upon the hundreds of thousands of toilers. I noticed that a number were more prominent than others.

At the Hague Peace Tribunal, Raymond Gustafson presided. He held this position because of his peace-loving nature which could not endure seeing thousands killed in the terrible European War which had not yet ended. He had conferred with the Czar, Kaiser, King of England, etc., and had prevailed upon them to cease their bloodthirsty fighting.

On an island in the Pacific Ocean, Leslie Johnson held supreme power under the title of "LA-LA." He was the only white man who could speak the language of the natives. His natural ability for making peculiar noises and his studious devotion to language classes in the C. H. S. eminently qualified him for this position.

Gail's dainty mannerisms and coquettish ways won the affections of the Sultan of Turkey. When the Sultan died, shortly after he had married her, she ruled in his stead and was known as the greatest ruler of Europe.

Pearl became noted as a language teacher. She became a teacher to the son of the Mayor of Porter, who later became infatuated with his teacher and married her. Soon he was able to converse with her in any language.

Ruben held the position of Chief Justice of

the Supreme Court of the United States. Edwin Pearson enjoyed the position of Associate Judge and sat at Ruben's side. These two had made quite a figure in American Law and in the study of Blackstone and were remembered as the most noted Judges of America.

Marguerite was not satisfied with the methods of the civilized parts of the United States, so she went to Arizona to teach school. In time she became Mayor of the town and was noted for great ability in ruling. She was a candidate for President on the Modern Thought ticket, but before the election came about she fell in love with a cow-puncher and married him. She then withdrew from the ticket and lived happily with her husband, who in time became a large ranch owner.

Martha became the school teacher at Old Porter. She ruled with an iron hand, making the school a model school. In fact it almost equaled C. H. S. under the supervision of Prof. Goldsborough.

Stella in her H. S. days determined to get married and lead a quiet life. Her fiery nature and intense desire to make it hot for some one led to her becoming a woman suffragist. As the United States did not allow women to vote she had to seek new fields. So she decided to go to Turkey and start the movement there. When she reached Turkey, she found her old friend Gail ruling the country. Gail was very much opposed to the Suffrage movement and Stella did not want to hurt her feelings, so she went back to America and started to portray "Happy School Days in old C. H. S."

About this time the cloud on which I was located commenced to break up. I felt certain that there was going to be a cloudburst. At Last! Here was my chance to become famous. I might write an article on "The Cloudburst" and my name would go down in the annals of time as a scientist who was daring enough to investigate clouds. But at this moment the cloud burst and I felt myself falling toward the earth which was six thousand feet away. I knew death was certain, but as I was about to strike, the earth I awoke and found that I had fallen off my chair and that it was time to go to Geometry Class—Well! such is Life.

CLEO BROWN.



The Sophomore Class

Cradle roll—Hilmer, Henry, and Elton.

Board of Advisors—Kathryn, Thelma.

Motto: "Why should life all labor be?"

Colors: Tyrian Purple and Sky-blue Pink.

Flower: Lemon Blossom.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Eva Bourell | Hilmer Charlson |
| Elton Broad | Henry Draves |
| Florence Carlson | Kathryn Freeman |
| Roy Gunder | Clara Hillstrom |
| Gertrude Gunder | Thelma Johnston |
| Elsie Matson | Louise McBain |
| Elizabeth Nelson | |
| Myrtle Smith | |
| Irene Van Denplas | |



The Freshman Class

Guardian Angels—David, Charles.
Chief Bluffer—Mildred.

Motto: "To ever love, trust and obey our
teachers."
Colors: Irish green and Canary yellow.
Flower: Potato plant.

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Arthur Anderson | Thora Esmoer |
| Charles Beck | Verna Esmoer |
| Blanche Brockmiller | Bertha Graubman |
| Aida Greene | Irene Krieger |
| Gerald Gustafson | Maude Lindell |
| Mildred Gustafson | David Lundgren |
| Ruth Ocobock | |
| Carter Pratt | |
| Sprague Willard | |

Social News

"MAIDENS ALL FORLORN."

Cast of Characters:

Bertha Bansdale.....Gladys Eggleston
Maude Meridith.....Edith Bihl
Elizabeth Lyndin.....Helen Ruggles
Aunt Louisa.....Lydia Brockmiller
Jocelyn Denby.....Grace Frame
Mrs. Maloney.....Ethel Bull

"BORROWING TROUBLE."

Cast of Characters:

Mr. Borrow.....Edward Peterson
Mrs. Borrow.....Gertrude Drake
Sophia Borrow.....Galen Brown
Mehitable March.....Helen Reese
Dr. Drench.....Raymond Charlson
Mrs. Wiggins.....Mildred Dillingham
Detective Spotem.....Ralph Greene
Lina.....Gladys Eggleston

"Maidens All Fornlorn," a comedy in three acts, and "Borrowing Trouble," a farce in one act, were given by the Senior Class on the evening of Friday, December the fifth. They were well received and patronized by the public.

SOCIAL OF MYSTERIES.

On Washington's Birthday, the Seniors gave a social in the High School Assembly Room. As usual the fates decreed that it should rain. Because of this we did not have a very large crowd, but those who were there helped generously to make the occasion a success and all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

JUNIOR FAREWELL PARTY.

On September 19th, we gave a farewell surprise party to one of our former classmates, Doris Ridley, who was going to Texas. Marguerite Williams invited Doris and her sister to supper with her and then took them to the show. The rest of us met at Gail Shaner's house and went from there to Marguerite's. None of the family were at home, but we did not care for that. We went into the house and waited for the girls' return, not daring to light up for fear Doris might suspect something.

When they came back, Doris was very much surprised, and I think, much pleased to see us. We then had a good time playing games and were later served to ice cream, cake, candy, fruit and cocoa,—all having donated towards the refreshments. We had a jolly good time and did not start for home until one o'clock Sunday morning.

JUNIOR.

"THE GAYRUSAN'S LEGACY."

"The Gayrusan's Legacy" was given by the Juniors and Seniors on Tuesday evening, March the eighteenth.

The play opened with Mrs. Gayrusan (Tennia Osborn) at the wash tub; Rosy (Edith Bihl) vigorously washing the ears of twelve-year-old Joshey (Vilmer Nichols), who stoutly resisted; Camely (Neva Summers) the youngest Gayrusan, on the floor with playthings; Esmareldy (Pearl Greene) at the mirror combing her hair, and Ruby Pearl (Helen Demass) on the floor lacing her shoes.

The children went off to school. Lute Hawkins (Ruben Carlson) the grocery boy (Rosy's Lover) came bringing the groceries. Hattie Todd (Stella Gossett), and Alice Smith (Ethel Bull) came to tell Rosy that Julia Brown (Martha Erickson) and Sam Greene (Raymond Gustafson) were married. A messenger (Edwin Pearson) brought a special delivery letter, which announced that a deceased relative in his last will and testament had bequeathed Mrs. Gayrusan a legacy, or as Mrs. Gayrusan said, "My full cousin, Andy Mosely, is dead and deceased and has left me a thousand dollars and his maw's testament." Pa (Ralph Greene) and the children, including Almy (Gail Shaner) were brought home to show proper respect, and the neighbors, Mrs. Spudd (Marguerite Williams), Mrs. Bump (Gladys Eggleston), Mrs. Collins (Mildred Dillingham), Aunt Sally (Lydia Brockmiller), hurried in when they heard the news, and there was plenty of excitement.

The "Fambly" moved to the Avynoo" and Mrs. Gayrusan being ambitious, decided that the grocer boy "done well nuff f'r Rosy on Mulbery Place, but he won't do for the 'Avynoo,'" so she was determined that Rosy should

smile upon Charlie Sparkler (Cleo Brown), whose "Pa is rich an' kin giv' her a place befitin' her station." Rosy, however, true to Lute, would have nothing to do with Charlie, who was soft and silly.

A woman suffragist (Grace Frame) called to see if Mrs. Gayrusan wanted to vote.

Unused to money they soon spent the legacy. When Pa announced that the money was all gone, Mrs. Gayrusan would not believe it, in spite of a four-hundred-dollar piano, a team, surrey, etc. She started out herself to show the banker how many leaves yet remained in the check book, when she met a young man carrying in Camely, who had been hurt by his auto.

The third act found the family back in the old home. Camely was propped up in a chair, with a broken ankle, the injury she had received in the auto accident.

Mrs. Gayrusan was firmly convinced that, "Them bankers," stole the money. "But the perlice kin do nothin'." When she heard that Lute Hawkins had become a partner in the firm, she became very favorable to him once more, to the great joy of the lovers; but because she had caused them so much trouble they decided to fool her and make her think that she had separated them, and they succeeded admirably when they got Dave Walters (Edward Peterson) to ask Rosy to go to the Island.

Miss Gertrude Osborne (Helen Ruggles), who had taken the Gayrusans as her proteges, called one day to see them. Soon Ralph Somers (Leslie Johnson) whose auto caused the accident, came to inquire about Camely. These two had been lovers, but had quarreled. They met and their reconciliation was brought about in a very pretty way. At this point Lute and Rosy entered, announcing their marriage and as the curtain fell Mrs. Gayrusan exclaimed, "The clouds is breakin'. It's like to be a bright dryin' day arter all."

JUNIOR BIRTHDAY PARTY IN PORTER.

One of our most pleasant birthday parties this year was held at Stella Gossett's home in Porter, Friday, October the Sixteenth. It was Stella's sixteenth birthday, or at least she said it was. Smallpox had just broken out in Porter, but since only those of the Junior Class were to be present, we had no fear. Leslie Johnson kindly took us in his automobile to Porter; with a little crowding all that came easily piled in. We first went out to Martha Erickson's home and got her and then returned to Porter. The evening was cool so we enjoyed the fire in the fireplace, about which we sat and talked. We did not forget to play games, among them, of course, "Ten Years Hence" for the benefit of Raymond Gustafson. We enjoyed our dainty refreshments and a delightful evening all around.

JUNIOR.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY.

Wednesday evening, March 24, the Seniors were entertained at the home of Lydia Brockmiller, in honor of her birthday. The time passed rapidly, and after several interesting and amusing games had been played, an elaborate luncheon was spread. The table was decorated in our colors, green and white, and a large bowl of white roses, our class flower, was used as a centerpiece. Each guest received a rose as a favor. We returned home at an early (?) hour, after enjoying a pleasant evening.

G. I. F.

SENIOR TAFFY PULLING.

On April 2, the Juniors, Seniors, and Faculty had a "pulling" time at the High School Room. The evening flew rapidly as the result of delightful games, after which the taffy was cooked and pulled. Miss Bassett, however, who is accustomed to handling books instead of hot taffy, dropped part of hers on the floor. After a jolly time the crowd departed, still under the influence of the pleasant taste of the taffy.



The Purpose of a "Graduate"

Just why we publish a Graduate seems to be a question in the minds of a great many people. Their argument is that it costs a great amount of money and takes the time of the pupils from their school work. In fact most people think that these books are published because it is a custom and the class must abide by it to save its reputation. This is one of the direct reasons. Indirectly our reason is the same as that which established the precedent. Now what was this reason? Might it not have been the educative value which was acquired by writing essays and articles? Again it might have been for the purpose of joining the class together in a common effort to make a success of this undertaking.

It is true that it takes money and time but it also affords a great deal of pleasure to each member of the class. Then, too, each class hopes to recall pleasant memories to the minds of the former graduates of the school, and by the introduction of a little wit furnish some amusement to the community. Furthermore in future years it will recall the happy school days to the members of our class.

For these reasons the class puts forth its best effort to make The Graduate a success. With these things in mind, feeling that we have done our best, our class publishes this Graduate.

MILDRED DILLINGHAM.

A Day with the Juniors

It was a bright and cheerful day in the spring, and as I wished to take my time in getting to school, I started from my home unusually early.

As I was meditating upon a subject for discussion in English, I did not hear an approaching bicycle. When I was made aware of its owner's presence I realized I had been overtaken by a Junior, who was none other than Ruben Carlson. He seemed very cordial on this particular morning and in the course of our conversation, he asked if any one had passed me. Of course I knew whom he was inquiring for and so I replied that I had seen nothing of Stella that morning. He was seemingly disappointed, but went on his way to school.

When I reached the next corner, whom should I run across but another Junior and immediately recognized him to be Cleo, the minister's son. But, as usual, he was not alone, as he had taken quite a liking to the Sophomores of late. He now stood very much at ease with his "latest," talking about their Latin (?) Without disturbing them, I proceeded upon my way and within a few min-

utes was overtaken by Stella. Feeling that I had lingered too long upon my way, I hastened my steps, but was greeted by "What is your hurry, Helen? It's only three minutes to nine. We have plenty of time to get there." Judging from her usual appearance within the walls of the school house at promptly nine o'clock, I felt sure Stella would get me to school in time.

Just as we were entering the side door, we heard a faint cry in the distance and found it to be Martha's. "Why! I hurried so fast this morning that I believe I've made it before the last bell." After I had greeted my classmates in the hall, I passed into Room B, and whom should I find but Pearl and Gail, translating Virgil at sight. Realizing that this was no place for me, I made my exit.

But alas, when I was about to take my seat, I noticed it was already occupied. Two Juniors had been testing it to see how it would seem to be Seniors. Upon closer investigation, I recognized Marguerite and Raymond. I concluded that they were talking over "old times," and therefore passed on, only to behold another of the class of '16. This proved to be

Edwin, and he was industriously studying the "much loved" "History of English Literature."

As the minutes slipped by, after Miss Bassett had tapped the bell, I was aware of approaching footsteps. From out of the hall, came Leslie, just in time for his English class. With these words Miss Bassett greeted him, "Leslie, please remove your refreshments."

As I had a lesson to prepare, I had no more time to spend with the Juniors. However, that evening as we were grouped in the assembly room, word came that we were to practice for the play that evening. "Oh, no," came quickly

from the Juniors. "We're going to have a party this evening."

"What, another party? I thought you just had one the other night."

"Oh, well, that's nothing, we have one about every week," responded the Juniors.

The next time I heard Mr. Goldsborough give a lecture on the necessity of putting all your spare time on school work, I concluded that he heard of the rapid progress the Juniors had made in Society.

And this is the way they spend their days.
HELEN RUGGLES.

Domestic Science

Since this is the first year that Domestic Science has been taught in the High School in a practical way, perhaps the people will be interested to know what we have done during the year.

This class is conducted by Miss Jennie Crane. In our kitchen are six tables, with places for two pupils at each table. Each person has one drawer, a bread board, and a writing board. In each drawer are: egg beaters, knives, forks, spoons and measuring cups, a utensil tray, and various other things, of use in the work. In addition we have two stoves, a cupboard, a set of dishes, silverware and a complete outfit of kitchen utensils.

On the first three days of the week we cook or have text book work, and on the other two days we sew. For five cents, we have served a warm dish each Wednesday to pupils bringing their dinners. This money has covered the expenses and given us a surplus which was used in purchasing other necessary articles

for our kitchen. This has taught the girls economy and the possibility of serving good food at little expense. Besides this we have served a number of ten cent dinners and also one for twenty-five cents to the teachers of the township on Institute day. At another time we served a dinner to the teachers of the Chesterton School.

Two new sewing machines have been installed for the sewing class, which have enabled the girls to do more of their sewing in school and to learn the method of making all the stitches and seams. We have made, during the year, our kitchen outfits, sewing aprons, curtains for the kitchen, silverware cases, mats, dish towels, many of our Christmas presents and a part of our Graduation clothes.

This is only the beginning of the Domestic Science Course in the Chesterton School and it is hoped that in time it will be enlarged to a full four years' course.

GALEN BROWN.



H. S. Military Instruction Camps

Now that our country has been aroused to the fact that the state of defense of the nation is inadequate, the War Department has established four different military camps in the United States. These camps are to be held during a period of five weeks in the months of July and August, this coming summer of 1915. Last year the camps were held as follows: One at Asheville, N. C., one at Burlington, Vt., one at Ludington, Mich., and one at Monterey, Cal.

The Ludington Camp, which takes care of the students of the middle West will still continue at that place this year. All physically qualified students between the ages of eighteen and thirty, in universities, colleges, graduating classes of high schools—or graduates of those same schools may attend these camps.

The object of the camps is to give the young men of the country opportunity for a short course in military training, the better to fit them to discharge their duty, should their country ever stand in need of their services. The military reserve of the United States will thus be increased, and in time of national emergency a large proportion of the volunteer commissioned officers will be drawn from the number of men who have attended the camps.

The student is greatly benefitted by this discipline, wherein he acquires self-control, obedience, order and command, and the knowledge of organization of the first-class modern armies.

The writer had the pleasure of attending the Ludington Camp last summer, and enjoyed greatly the experience of a military life. The food was good, the quarters comfortable, and the physical and mental training splendid. One hundred and twelve students were in attendance at the camp, representing fourteen

different states and fifty-six different educational institutions. This was the first camp of this nature for the great Middle West section of the country, and a larger attendance could not have been expected during the first year. It will undoubtedly be greater this coming summer.

The mornings at the camp, except on Sundays, were wholly devoted to camp duties and military work. For the afternoons there were no prescribed duties, except required attendance at occasional lectures. The evenings were always left free to the students. We were organized into a battalion of two companies. Each company had a regular officer in command, but the subaltern officers, and the non-commissioned officers were the students themselves. We were given insight and experience in engineering, artillery, cavalry, infantry, and signaling. To assist us in our drills, marches and sham battles we had a company of infantry from the Regular Army, a troop of cavalry, and a band.

The last three days of our stay at the camp were spent in marching through the surrounding country at Ludington (which was supposed to be the enemy's country). In several battles which took place here with the regulars, we used blank ammunition.

Upon leaving the camp each student who had successfully completed the prescribed course of instruction was given a certificate. A certain senior from the University of Illinois remarked when receiving his certificate that he had acquired a greater military knowledge in five weeks while attending this camp, than at the university in three years.

EDWARD PETERSON,
Local Secretary for the National
Reserve Corps.

The Power of Music

The day before Christmas dawned cold and blustery. The snow was falling very fast and drifting into large piles. The wind entered the little tenement house through every crack and crevice. The window sill was covered with snow which had sifted through the window and quite a pile had blown in under the door. Anton Von Herewig was the only one stirring, for it was still early. He sorted out several pieces of music and laid them in a pile by his violin case. Elene, his wife, shivered on her cot and uttered a hollow cough. He went to an adjoining room, looked at the face on the pillow, which was flushed with a high fever, and put his cold hand on her forehead and sighed. She stirred and then opened her large blue eyes and with all the power she could command, smiled up at him.

"It is only seven o'clock," he said, going over to the little stand to measure out some medicine, "but we are going to practice Beethoven's Symphony in the Music Hall at eight o'clock." He gave her the medicine and quietly went back to the room which served as kitchen and dining room where he began preparing a scanty meal consisting of brown bread and coffee.

Just as Von Herewig was about to leave, his only child, Ludwig, a boy about fifteen years old, entered the room.

"Where are you going, Father?"

"We have a rehearsal this morning, but I shall not be long. Take good care of your mother while I am gone, my son."

Violin and music under arm he left the house. The wind was howling and the snow was falling furiously, but he set his teeth, buttoned his coat tighter about his throat and hurried on his way. He forgot the storm, for memories of other days filled his mind, the time when he had lived and studied in the music-loving Germany. Then he and Elene had been married and come to New York. The first years had been happy ones, Ludwig had come to them, and he had obtained a position as first violinist in the best orchestra in New York. Then his wife took sick and all the money had gone for doctor bills and other necessities, and now his eyes were getting bad and he could not read the music as fast as he once could.

By this time he had reached the Music Hall

and entered with some of the other musicians. In a few minutes they were ready for the rehearsal. The instructor took his place in front of the musicians and at a downward movement of his baton, the music commenced. The symphony went through all right and the instructor nodded his approval. Then Von Herewig's face grew pale for new music was being placed before them. Again they began playing, but had not gone far when the instructor signaled for them to stop.

"That was not good," he said. "Von Herewig, you do not play well; we play that again."

Von Herewig made a great effort to read the music as fast as was expected; but in vain. The instructor only frowned and in due time the rehearsal was over. As the musicians were leaving, the instructor drew Von Herewig aside and said, "What's the matter, Von Herewig? You have not been playing well lately and you put several others off this morning."

"It's my eyes; I cannot see well; I am getting old."

"Well, I'm afraid we'll have to let you go, for you know the rules."

Anton turned ghastly pale, picked up his music and violin and left the hall.

When he reached home, his son met him at door. "The doctor has been here, father, and he said mother should have plenty of milk and fruit." Then noticing his father's pallor, he said, "Why, father, what's the matter?" Von Herewig put his hand on his shoulder and told him of the morning's rehearsal. The boy looked at his father's sad face and knew that he was thinking, "Where will I get the money to buy the necessities for Elene?"

That night Ludwig lay awake for a long time trying to think of some plan to help his father. The next morning he arose bright and early, took his father's violin, on which he had been taught to play, and left the house.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was coming up over the horizon and made the snow sparkle like diamonds. He walked over to the business part of the city and played for a couple of hours, but got only a few coins. Then he went over to the residence section and being rather tired leaned up against a high iron fence which enclosed a beautiful house and gardens. He put his violin under his chin and slowly drew the bow over the strings as if uncertain

what to play. But measure by measure the notes formed themselves into a beautiful melody. The music floated out on the still air as if carolling the birth of the new King. The boy forgot his surroundings, his mouth relaxed into something of a smile and his eyes commenced to sparkle. He played on and on and on, completely lost in his beautiful melody.

The curtains at one of the windows in the large house parted, the window was raised and a sweet face looked out. The listener paused for a while and then quietly shut the window. Soon a butler hurried down the walk out of the gate and up to Ludwig. He tapped him lightly on the shoulder but the boy did not seem to heed. The butler tapped him again saying, "Hey, Johnny, the Missus wants to see you."

The music stopped. It was like the fading of some beautiful picture and the sad expression returned to Ludwig's face as he followed the butler into the house. Instead of seeing as he had expected, an old lady scolding him for making so much noise by her house, he saw a beautiful lady with blue eyes and brown hair. He started and looked surprised.

"Why, what is the matter, my boy?" asked Mrs. Remington, the beautiful lady.

"Oh! for a minute I thought you were my mother, you look so much like her."

She smiled and then said, "That is a beautiful piece you were playing. What is the name of it?"

"I do not know. It has not been named. It is my father's composition."

"Your father's composition! Why what is your name, my boy?"

"Ludwig Von Herewig."

"Von Herewig! Is your father's name Anton Von Herewig?"

"Yes, do you know him?" asked Ludwig, surprised.

"I have seen him several times."

Thinking she had seen him in the orchestra he said no more. After she had found out where he lived she sent him away with a five dollar bill and a "Merry Christmas."

That afternoon a large limousine stopped in front of a tenement house on Wharf St., and Mrs. Remington stepped out. She knocked and was admitted by Anton Von Herewig.

"Pauline!" exclaimed Von Herewig.

"Sh! where is Elene?"

"In there," cried Mrs. Remington as she seated herself by her long-lost sister. Elene raised her eyes and a cry of delight escaped her when she saw her sister. "Father has often regretted his harsh words to you and when you came to America we lost track of you. But before he died he changed his will and divided his wealth between you and me. Now you shall have the best of care and will soon be well again. I married Clarence shortly after you left and when father died we came to America."

Ten years have passed since that beautiful Christmas Day and the scene is quite different. Ludwig and his parents and little Pauline, who is five years old, live in a beautiful house near the Remington's. Anton never regained his place in the orchestra, but he had the pleasure of seeing his son, who studied in Leipsic, an accomplished musician and filling his place.

LYDIA BROCKMILLER.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to the following: Our teachers for their help and encouragement during our school life; Miss Tennia Osborn and others outside of the classes who assisted in making our inter-class play a success; the Chesterton Orchestra for their services during the year; Miss Bernice Ruggles, Mr. Carl Sward, Miss Olive Dille for music rendered at our various social events; Miss

Crane for helping the girls make various "EATS" for our socials; and all those who loaned us different articles for said social events.

Last, but not least, we wish to express our gratitude to our parents who have made it possible for us to attend school and enjoy its benefits.

Miss Mehitabel

Mehitabel was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer. She was not as her name undoubtedly suggests, an "old maid." In fact, she was only eighteen years old, and was fond of outdoor sports.

After having passed through a severe fever, she had to give up some of her old pursuits. As time passed rather slowly, she invited her friend Peggy to visit her for a time.

A few days after Peggy's arrival, they were discussing a subject of great importance to them; a party to be given that evening at the home of Mrs. Smith, their neighbor. Mehitabel said, "I'd just love to go, Peggy, but how can I when my hair looks worse than cat's fur rubbed the wrong way?" With that she walked to the mirror to view the sad remnant of her once pretty locks, for her hair had been cut during her illness. Suddenly she turned around and said, "Peggy, I have a splendid plan. If you promise me all you can, we'll go to the party." Peggy answered, "I'll help you as much as possible, but I don't want to be made an object of ridicule, merely for the sake of going to a party," for she knew Mehitabel well enough to understand that she would not call the plan splendid unless something ridiculous was connected with it. "Don't worry," said Mehitabel, laughingly, "only do as I bid you and everything will be all right. The first thing I wish you to do is to trim my hair and comb it back in pompadour style. Then get Uncle Ike's best suit in the closet of his room across the hall. Don't be afraid that anybody is going to see you, because Uncle Ike and Dad have gone to the city and won't be back until tomorrow." Having donned the suit, she had a fierce struggle in arranging her collar. Then as finishing touches she put on a black mustache and some gold rimmed spectacles which she found in the attic. Amid peals of laughter from both girls Mehitabel practiced escorting Peggy up and down the room before the mirror. She decided that she would be Mr. Van Loon, Peggy's friend from New York. Then glancing up at the clock, she said, "Why, it's almost time to go. You'll just have time to get ready while I harness the horse."

When they arrived at their destination Mr. Van Loon tied his horse and escorted Peggy to the house. Instead of waiting for Peggy to introduce him to their hostess, he said, "How

do you do, my dear Mrs. Smith, how did you like the muffins I sent you yesterday?" Just at that moment Mrs. Smith's presence was required in the kitchen where she found the maid had accidentally broken a valuable china plate. When she (Mrs. Smith) returned, she turned to Peggy and said, "What were you about to say just as I left you?" Peggy replied, "I merely wished to tell you that Mehitabel went to the city this morning and said that if she did not get back this evening, I should greet you for her and ask you how you liked the muffins she sent you yesterday." She then introduced Mr. Van Loon.

Peggy was thankful that her friend had not been recognized and made Mr. Van Loon promise to be very careful about his actions. This promise, however, was no sooner made, than he broke it. While in the dressing room, he removed his coat and was trying to find hat pins in his hat, when a horrified cry from Peggy caused him to remove it and hurry to get his coat. He hardly had time to get it on when a number of guests arrived.

By this time Peggy was getting nervous and said, "Do be careful, Mehitabel, or you'll surely get into an awful scrape." "Don't you worry about me, I'll be more careful when there are more people around." "I feel more at ease now," returned her escort.

Everyone was interested in the stranger with whom Peggy came, and were eager to be introduced to him. This of course pleased Mr. Van Loon and he tried hard to be agreeable. He said that the decorations were "perfectly lovely," and except for a few similar blunders, he enjoyed the evening very much.

As the party broke up, he whispered to Peggy that they would wait until the others had gone, as it was rather difficult to turn the horse around when there were so many vehicles near. In a short time they found themselves alone in the room, their hostess having gone out to see the others off.

Just as Mr. Van Loon was about to open the door, a mouse scurried across the floor toward him. Emitting a piercing scream and giving one leap he perched himself on top of the table. Peggy not having seen the mouse, thought that her friend had suddenly become mad. Perhaps the fever had affected his mind. She had, to be sure, heard of cases where peo-

ple had fits after a severe illness. She arose to summon assistance when a second glance at him frightened her so she could not move. He was gesticulating wildly (for the mouse again appeared) and cried "Kill it! Oh! kill it!" Peggy was entirely overcome and fainted.

At that moment Mr. Van Loon heard approaching footsteps and suddenly realized the absurdity of his position, and scrambled down. When their hostess entered, he was trying to carry Peggy to a couch in the corner of the room. It was now his turn to be frightened. When Peggy showed signs of returning consciousness, he was overjoyed, but feared that she would say something that would reveal his identity. The first thing Peggy said was, "How is poor Mehitabel?" Her hostess, thinking to humor her, said that Mehitabel was feeling pretty well. Peggy then said, "Why don't you summon a doctor?" Her hostess, of course thought that she wished a physician's service for herself, so she asked Mr. Van Loon to summon a doctor.

Mr. Van Loon then left, but instead of going directly to the doctor, he hurried home and

changed his clothes. Mehitabel, feeling more presentable, summoned the doctor and returned to Mrs. Smith's. There she said, "I've come to see how Peggy is getting along. I was returning from the city tonight when I met Mr. Van Loon. He explained that Peggy was ill, and he was trying to find a doctor, but asked me if I would carry out his errand for him, as he had to take the next train for the city in order to get to work on time the following morning."

As Peggy was now feeling much better, Mrs. Smith left the two girls. After Mehitabel had informed Peggy of how she had driven like one mad in order to get home before anyone else should see her in such guise, she said, "It seems mighty funny now, but it certainly did not then. I'll never wish to be a man again. I don't even care to be a suffragette."

By the time the doctor arrived, the girls were ready to go home and were laughing until their tears came. They explained as far as possible, that he had been called out by a false alarm, and left him looking after them in amazement.

EDITH BIHL.

Joke Exchange

Gladys (in domestic science class): "This gasoline stove is so hot. I like gas better."

Ethel: "Yes, with a gas stove you can have a hot or cold fire."

"Wake up, what's that noise?"

"Lie down and go to sleep, that's only the bed-ticking."

GOOD ENOUGH.

Wife: "I suppose if you should meet some pretty, young girl, you would cease to care for me."

Husband: "What nonsense, what do I care for youth and beauty? You suit me all right."

Lady Customer: "I'm so disappointed, last week you had such lovely side boards."

Furniture Clerk: "I know, but my wife made me cut them off."

Miss S.: "Lydia, what ornamentations did the medieval church have?"

Lydia: "Oh, painters and other things decorated it with their works."

"The cutest little boy was climbing a tree, with overalls on."

"I told John we ought to have oysters for company on the half shell."

"He gave her the coffee while she was waiting at the counter in a tin can."

"A big fat man rode by on a skittish horse with a red nose that was scared of trolley cars."

"I don't know his name, but he was with the lawyer who sat next to the lady in black, with long side whiskers and a white necktie."

"I just love to see soldiers with their guns in khaki suits, don't you?"

"He is the man who sells lace with such big hands and a lisp."

Miss Crane, to Helen Reese: "Cut the rest of your goods with your eyes."

Lady (to little boy playing ball on Sunday): "Why, aren't you ashamed of yourself? What would your father say?"

Little boy: "I dunno, go ask him. He's over there playing first."

Day Book

September.

- 7th—Upon returning to school we were greeted by a smile from our new principal. This was an encouragement to the poor Freshmen.
- 8th—Miss B. illustrating in 4th year English class, her method of correcting essays: "When I correct a word I usually—drop my chalk."
- 9th—Mr. G. in physics class, holding in his hand two kilograms: "How many pounds do they weigh?"
Edward: "Four thousand five hundred."
Mr. G.: "Well, I guess I'll travel with a circus."
- 10th—The first lesson in sewing proves that needles have points, which fact is discovered by all the girls. Miss Crane suggests that they wear a coat of mail.
- 14th—The kitchen is now ready for use. Dishwashing is the first task put upon the young enthusiasts.
Miss Crane: "You may name some vegetables, Gladys."
Gladys: "Eggs—".
- 15th—Grace: "Oh girls, my heart is beating so."
- 16th—Miss B.: "There are some books of Greek myths on my desk, written in simple form for children, which I wish all of the Sophomores to read."
- 17th—Freshie, in drawing class: "Should the square be a cube or a square?"
The girls can tomatoes for use in hard times.
- 19th—The Juniors give a farewell party for Doris Ridley at the home of Marguerite Williams.
- 22nd—Miss S.: "Gertrude, of what nationality were these people?"
Gertrude: "Why, they were Roman Catholics."
- 23rd—Sophomore, in Ancient History class: "If Rameses started to build his tomb at the beginning of his reign, how did he get into it after he died?"
- 28th—The Seniors have a debate in class: "Resolved, that country life is preferable to city life." The Negatives win.

October.

- 2nd—Disease Prevention Day in Indiana. The High School was taken to Valparaiso in automobiles to be in the parade. Girls in advertising it say: "It is Health Prevention Day."
- 6th—Raymond, in U. S. History class: "They closed the Marconi wireless station at Spaghetti, Massachusetts."
- 7th—Instructor: "Give the physical properties of water."
Junior: "It's wet."
- 8th—Mr. G. gives a very good talk on the causes of the war.
- 9th—Senior boy visits Domestic Science class, but decides there is too much gossip for him, so hastily makes his exit.
- 12th—We all received a terrible shock in U. S. History Class. Edith could not answer a question.
- 13th—Miss S.: "Helen, name the three wars during the period just mentioned."
Helen: "King William's, King Anne's, and King George's."
- 14th—Smallpox scare in Porter.
- 15th—Miss B.: "Edward, what does 'resting on rusty hinges' mean?"
Edward: "He must have had the rheumatism."
- 16th—Stella entertains the Juniors at her home.
- 20th—Gladys: "The powers of those countries were fighting with those of the other world."
- 21st—Miss C.: "What do you understand a beverage to be?"
Galen: "Something—"
Miss C.: "Yes, probably."
- 22nd—Freshman who intended to say "Masculine Gender" says "Masculine Case."
Miss B.: "I've often heard of people having a masculine case, but never in Latin."
- 23rd—Miss B.: "Grace, what were some of the characteristics of Keat's poem 'Endymion'?"
Grace: "It's long."
Miss B.: "That reminds me of the story of the lady who went to see a baby, whose mother expected her to express her opin-

ion of the baby. As the baby was not very good-looking all she could say was, "Well, it's long."

26th—Freshie: "This ain't mine."

Eighth Grader: "There ain't no such word."

Freshie: "I don't care if there ain't."

27th—Raymond is moved to the front seat in History Class, being a little hard of hearing.

28th—Girls are taking skirt measurements.
Gladys: "Now, Mildred, stand parallel."

November.

2nd—Helen was out on a tear Hallowe'en and came to school with a black eye.

4th—Senior English.

"I seen him when he done it."

"The nobles overseed them."

"They snuck away."

5th—Miss B.: "Elizabeth, how long did you study on your Latin?"

Elizabeth: "An hour and sixty minutes."

9th—The Seniors decide on plays and begin to practice.

12th—Miss S.: "The feudal lords were fussing with the lords."

14th—Juniors are entertained by Pearl.

17th—Gertrude: "Robert Fulton sailed from Liverpool to New York in his steamship."

18th—Lydia, seriously: "And you know it was a round circle."

19th—Box Social in High School for benefit of the stereoscope fund. Forty dollars cleared.

25th—Dinner is served to the teachers by the Domestic Science Class.

The Grades give a Thanksgiving entertainment in the H. S. room.

26th-27th—Thanksgiving vacation.

30th—Gertrude, in Ancient History Class.
"Phidippides ran one hundred and fifty miles to Sparta in two hours."

Miss S.: "He surely could run some."

December.

2nd—David seems to be quite popular with the Freshman girls. It takes six or seven of them to help him get his lessons.

4th—Seniors receive their Class Rings.

5th—Class Plays, "Maidens All Forlorn," and "Borrowing Trouble," were given by the Seniors at Moroney's Hall.

8th—Martin Nelson visits school.

9th—Miss Bassett says no one has any cause to call her "skinny," as they have some people.

11th—Gail entertains the Junior Class. All report a good time.

14th—Heavy snow storm keeps many from school.

15th—Seniors have a debate. "Resolved, that the present European War will be a benefit to the world at large." Negatives, 5; Affirmative, 2.

Ralph: "Never will I acknowledge defeat. You are all prejudiced because the negative side of war is the only side you have ever heard."

16th—Ethel, in M. & M. History Class: "Wycliff died a peaceful life after two years."

21st-22nd—TESTS. Oh, what a fine Christmas present!

22nd—Theodore Johnson and Leonard Rugles, Sophomores of Purdue University, visit school.

Raymond: "It has a great effect upon the Literature and stuff."

23rd—Lydia: "An Epic is a poem dealing with a man as the hero."

24th—Last day before vacation. HURRAH!

25th-Jan. 4.—Vacation for worn-out students.

28th—Juniors are entertained by Edwin.

January.

4th—Back to school again. Such an array of new bracelets, ornaments, etc.

Gertrude: "At the battle of Chittamuga General Cragg—"

5th—Senior girls make pan cakes (fried paste) for lunch.

6th—Miss C.: "What is the product called when corn meal and water are cooked?"

Helen Reese: "Mush."

Miss C.: "When more water is added, what is the product called?"

Helen: "Soup."

7th—Senior Girls: "Gertrude, go ask Miss Crane what we're going to cook today. Tell her we're going to have company." Gertrude, returning: "She said we were going to discuss batteries."

8th—Miss S.: "Helen, what was Lincoln's plan of reconstruction?"

Helen Reese: "Why it—a, he—a, well, he said he—a, it was, he thought, well, he said he didn't think that—a, or—a, he issued what was called a Proclamation of Amnesty."

11th—Miss C. "What do you think of the results of our cooking yesterday?"

Lydia: "Well, I like them a little browner."

Helen Reese: "I think they were tough."

Helen Ruggles: "They didn't taste as good as I get at home."

Miss C.: "Well, you know we had to work under some inconveniences, not having any eggs. Mildred, what do you think of them?"

Mildred: "Well, considering the material we had to work with, I think they were pretty fair."

12th—Miss S.: "The love letters of Petrarch were really worth reading. They were not full of trash."

13th—Ralph: "The president wanted to run the hull country."

14th—In Phonography Class, Raymond made letter F (supposed to be a curved line). Miss L.: "That looks just like a straight line only it's crooked."

15th—Miss S.: "How did printing aid the Renaissance?"

Ralph: "Who?"

18th—Miss L.: "I wish I had flunked more of the class last year, so I'd have a larger class this year."

The Juniors were entertained by Leslie at his home.

19th—Miss S.: "Is Edison a millionaire?"

Helen Reese: "No!" (in very loud tone). "I don't think so." (softly).

20th—Miss B.: "I don't see why it is that the boys are always so bashful and afraid of the girls in school. They are never that way after they get out of school." She must know all about it.

22nd—Lydia, explaining a picture about which she had written a story: "It was among the Rocky Mts., etc."—"A Happy Accident"—"As usual at three o'clock a coach with several passengers"—"Oh! wait a minute, there were two coaches in the picture." Then continued reading her story.

25th—Senior English—Helen Reese: "Car badly mangled."

Gertrude—"The engineers saw each others' headlights."

"Unidentified bodies were carried to the city."

Edhel: "She visited her brother and various other places of interest."

26th—Miss C.: "It didn't sound like anybody was cooking."

27th—Miss B.: "Benj. Franklin discovered lightning."

Now wasn't he a wonderful man?

28th—Miss B.: "Mildred, who is Beelzebub?" Mildred, staring blankly: "I don't know."

Miss B.: "Helen Reese, are you ac-

quainted with him?"

Helen Reese. "Sure! It's the devil."

February.

1st—Ralph: "Na-a-a, dat'n's all right."

Edward: "The pail of water—he got wet."

2nd—Miss B.: "How do people look when they are in love?"

Marguerite: "Well, they generally have blue eyes and light hair and—"

Miss B., interrupting: "Oh, no! not necessarily."

Miss S.: "Had Blaine done anything for his country so that he would make a good president?"

Edward: "He had taken bribes and-a—"

3rd—Our new sewing machine arrived today.

4th—Miss B.: "Where was the queen, Gladys?"

Gladys: "She was sitting in her high chair."

5th: Miss C.: "What would you do after that?"

Mildred: "Put some water on them."

Miss C.: "Yes, I'd let the sink run a while."

8th—Domestic Science riddle:

Why is glycerine like a petted child who has surplus flesh?

Ans.: Because they are both spoiled fat.

9th—The grades give a play, "The Glug Family," in the H. S. room.

10th—Anna Krieger visits school.

11th—Blanche has appendicitis. We hope she will soon be well.

12th—We celebrate Lincoln's birthday by having tests.

13th—Senior Domestic Science girls served dinner to the teachers of the Institute. No deaths reported.

15th—Gladys shows her patriotism by losing her balance while singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

16th—Senior and Junior Class plays arrive. That means work.

19th—Miss S.: "Then he had to fly."

22nd—Washington's birthday. Edward spells the school down. Good for the Seniors. The Seniors celebrate by giving a "Mystery Social." It was mysterious where all the guests were.

23rd—Ralph: "At this time Bunyan wrote 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

24th—Miss B.: "They thought he was a witch."

25th—Raymond: "What do you care what they done? You never seen 'em."

Miss C.: "Their arms were flying around all the time."

26th—Ralph offers Miss Bassett a kiss. She hesitates at first, but after finding they are fresh (?) from the store, she accepts. Miss Noble is slighted, but the Senior girls get their share.

March.

1st—Ralph: "Yes, they were just as successful as the first army. They were defeated."

3rd—Our star players are still practicing for the play, and the selected spellers are brushing up their memories.

4th—Miss Noble appears with rubber soled shoes.

5th—The Senior girls are becoming aware that they are not as young as they used to be. They all come to school with a curl down their backs. The Freshman girls suggest that Miss Noble let them sing "The Pig Tail."

8th—School seems dead today. Miss Bassett isn't here.

Miss C.: "Sift the eggs three times and then beat well."

9th—Still Miss B. doesn't appear. We receive word that she has the "croup," but wishes it called "Laryngitis."

Miss C.: "When the Romans had conquered other nations and given themselves up to luxurious living, what was their condition?"

Helen: "They began to depreciate."

10th—A sophomore, a junior, and two seniors pay a visit to Miss Bassett. They are mistaken for a wedding party.

11th—The visit seems to have had a good effect upon Miss B. She returns as bright and smiling as ever.

12th—Oh those tests. Will they never quit giving them?

15th—Miss B.: "Leslie, please remove your refreshments."

18th—Juniors and Seniors present "The Gayrusan's Legacy," at Moroney's Hall. It seems to have taken well.

19th—Leslie: "The only time I get a girl is when we give a play. I wish we would repeat it."

22nd—Miss B.: "Lamb's Tales Kidnapped John Halifax."

23rd—(Freshman class picture contains a doll)
David: "Gee, Gerald, you can't say you never held a baby doll on your knee."
Gerald: "OH!"

24th—The Seniors are entertained by Lydia in

honor of her (??) birthday. All come to school smiling and report a fine time.

25th—Oh those Senior note books! They take five periods a day.

26th—Ralph: "They killed their king two times."

29th—Miss B. (to Juniors): "I had intended to have the Seniors study Browning, but I'm afraid it would take too much effort on my part to make them understand."

30th—Raymond: "I'm so bright that my Mother calls me son."

April.

2nd—We lost one of our members today; Raymond decided to desert the Seniors.

5th—Lydia: "Water power is used to dig water out of a hole."

6th—Miss S.: "What did Charles X do?"

Lydia: "He fled to England."

Miss S.: "What did Louis Philippe do some time later?"

Helen: "He flew too."

7th—Miss B. to Sophomores: "Do you remember when the Juniors studied 'As You Like It'?"

Sophomores: "We don't know whether they ever studied it or not."

Miss B.: "Oh, yes you do. Most of you sit and listen to the Juniors with one ear and study with the other."

9th—Seniors were studying "Paradise Lost."

Miss B.: "Where in the Bible do we find mention of Mammon?"

Lydia: "Why—a it was used as a food."

12th—We came back to school resolved that Mr. G. makes a better looking lady than a man. We advise the Men's Aid to let him be their star actress.

13th—Cleo's advice to the lovelorn is that they should wear glasses. In his particular case, he sits in his seat, with one hand in front of his left eye-glass, then he closes his right eye and he can see a reflection of Thelma in his left eye-glass.

14th—Miss Bassett: "I think Milton describes Hell in a very clear way, but of course we will not know exactly how it looks until we die."

15th—Miss Linstad: "Charles, you may give a sentence with the word 'ordinance' in it."

Charles: "The town of Chesterton has passed an ordinance so the chicken won't run loose."

Miss Linstad: "What chicken, Charles?"

16th—Our Graduate goes to press to-day. Oh, what a relief!

Joke Exchange

NOAH'S FORESIGHT.

Teacher: "Willie, why did Noah have two animals of the same kind in the ark?"

Willie: "Well, if one got lost in the flood he would have the other for moving pictures."

David, in drawing class: "Is this daubing it on all right?"

Miss C.: "Yes, that is daubing, all right."

Marguerite, in drawing class: "Do you think my mouth on that bottle is too big?"

One Senior: "Say, what are we going to wear in the parade tomorrow?"

Another Senior: "Oh gee kids, we can't all wear the same things."

Johnny Williams has been "bad" again.

"Oh, my, Johnny," sighed his Sunday School teacher, "I'm afraid we shall never meet in heaven."

"What have you been doing," asked Johnny with a grin.

Teacher: "Define 'Kiss'."

She (blushing): "A noun, both common and proper, and seldom declined."

A TOUCHING LITTLE VERSE.

At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place;
And then with manners debonair
She touches up her face.
A touch to curl behind her ear,
A touch to silken collar
And then she's off to hubby dear
To touch him for a dollar.

THE FOUR WAYS.

Freshman: "Pardon me, Professor, but I didn't understand you."

Sophomore: "Will you please repeat the question?"

Junior: "Wat, sir?"

Senior: "Huh?"

"What animals are found at the north pole?" asked the teacher.

"Pole cats," promptly answered a small boy at the foot of the class.

OLD MAIDS.

Some wicked wretch
Has most unkindly said:
"Old maids are embers
Whence the sparks have fled."

A COLD LITTLE VERSE.

Ice cream he bought his darling,
And she ate and ate and ate,
'Till at last her heart she gave him
To make room for another plate.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mother: "Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday School."

Johnny: "Yes, Mamma."

Mother: "How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?"

Johnny: "I carried home the Sunday School paper an' the outside of the page was about Jonah an' the whale."

VERY CORRECT.

Mutt: "Generally speaking, women are—"

Jeff: "Yes, they are."

Jim: "Are what?"

Farmer: "Generally speaking."

HOW IT WAS.

Tommy: "Father, what is the difference between a vision and a sight?"

Father: "Well, my son, you can flatter a woman by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight."

SO GENEROUS.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you?"

Tommy: "Yessum, I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."

HEARD IN A STORE.

Foreign lady asked for powder.

Clerk: "Will you have 'Mennen's'?"

Lady: "No, I vill haf vimen's."

Clerk: "Will you have it scented?"

Lady: "No, I vill take it mit me."

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO SENIORS.

Mildred: "Gee, it's blooming cold in here."

Edith: "Oh, I'm too cold to bloom."

EXPLANATION.

In manly voice I told my love,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of my coat,
It showed up plain for weeks.

VERY NECESSARY.

"Don't shoot," said Mike, "The gun ain't loaded."

"I got to," replied Pat, "The bird won't wait."

VERY TRUE.

Man is like a kerosene lamp.
He isn't exactly bright,
He's often turned down, he usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

Miss Crane: "When wouldn't it be well to serve toast?"

Grace: "When it is hot."

Ruben (describing his trip to the lake):
"The first morning we stayed there all night."

CLASSIFIED.

Mrs. Newlywed: "I don't see anything in the paper about Mamma's visiting us."

Mr. Newlywed: "Have you looked under the head of 'War Dispatches'?"

EXPLODED.

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the school room," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy.
"I was smiling when all at once the smile busted."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be lead," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Pencil.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Be sharp in all your dealing," said the Knife.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

Liza grape men Alry Mindus
Weeken Makr Liza Blime
Andy parting Lee B Hindus
Foot prinzonza sanza time.

REMEMBERED.

Teacher: "Do you know, Johnny, when shingles first came into use?"

Johnny: "I think when I was between five and six years old, ma'am."

TRAINING TELLS.

When young Meaglis took the train for Harvard, his father said: "As soon as you find out if you pass, wire me."

Two days later he received the following telegram:

"Yes, J. Meaglis, Jr."

Somewhat puzzled he telegraphed back: "Yes, what?"

The well trained son wired back: "Yes, Sir."

Occupations of the Class of 1914

Martha Graubman—Teaching in Washington Township.

Mabelle Hollar—Married Leonard Rhoda.

Ebba Johnson—Bookkeeper for J. B. Lundberg Co.

Oliver Johnson—Attending University of Chicago.

Jennie Cohen—On Midget Isle at San Francisco Exposition.

Selma Linstedt—Teaching in Jackson Township.

Martin Nelson—Attending Valparaiso University.

Elsie Nickel—Teaching at City West.

Anna Krieger—At home.

Joseph Stephens—Painting, in partnership with his father.

Carl Sward—Teaching at Salt Creek.

Leslie Weiss—Clerk at E. J. & E. R. R., Porter.

Leila Reese—Attending Valparaiso University.

Hiram Greenc—Clerking for J. A. Johnson & Co.

Alice Charlson—Doing housework at Englewood.

Faye Dillingham—At home.

Class Night Program

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| Duet..... | Lydia Brockmiller and Edith Bihl |
| Class History..... | Grace Frame |
| Class Song..... | Class |
| Class Prophecy..... | Helen Reese |
| Class Poem..... | Ethel Bull |
| Duet..... | Edith Bihl and Lydia Brockmiller |
| Recitation..... | Gladys Eggleston |
| Jokes..... | Helen Ruggles |
| Class Will..... | Mildred Dillingham |

Commencement Program

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| March..... | Anna Krieger |
| Invocation..... | Rev. C. Gustafson |
| “Glorious is Thy Name”..... | Mozart |
| High School Chorus | |
| Address—“The Greatness of Little Things”..... | Rev. M. H. Appleby |
| “Wynken, Blynken and Nod”..... | Nevin |
| High School Chorus | |
| Obligato..... | Miss Bernice Ruggles |
| Presentation of Diplomas. | |
| “Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffman”..... | Offenbach |
| Benediction..... | Rev. C. A. Brown |

Motto: “Out of the Harbor, Out on the Deep.”
Colors: Green and White.
Flower: White Rose,

Alumni

Non-Commissioned High School

1890

Hanna Whitcomb
May Wibert

1893

Amy Swanson
Edith Corson
E. Pearle Glover
Jose Castleman
Jut Castleman

1895

Annetta B. Cleland
Cora Mae Peterson
Lulu Maud Castleman
Nora Ina Thompson
M. Belle Haslett

1896

Edward L. Morgan
Grace Osborn
Fred H. Cole
Agnes L. Morgan
Arthur O. Peterson

1897

Edward Hyde
Elsie Diddie

Commissioned High School

1899

John E. Gelow
Jay Shanks
Elsie Diddie

1900

John C. Christianson
Carl A. Johnson
Blanche Osborn
Neva B. Lawrence
Anna Kossakowski
Emily Peterson

1901

William L. Hall
Dott Osborn
Clayton R. Wise
Nora T. Greene
Alma J. Anderson

1902

Nora E. Haslett
Emil C. Nelson
Edith Lindstrom
Oscar Hendrickson
Amanda Pillman

1903

Laura F. Carlson
Lillie V. Pillman
Florence E. Busse

(Business Course)

Emma Beil

1904

Alma L. Johnson
David R. Johnson
Frank Q. Osborn
Mabel A. Pelham
Grace L. Pelham
Esther E. Lawrence
Mabel A. Bigelow
Amy O. Carlson

1905

Latin Course

Emma Peterson
Gust Nelson
Bennett Morgan

Commercial Course

William Smith
Sadie Atkinson
Bernice Warren
Mary Early
Laura Carlson

1906

Latin Course

Theodore Olson
Lulu Smock
Jennie Long
Lucy Kossakowski

Commercial Course

Jennie Anderson
Florence Johnson
Alfred Krabbenhoft
Henry Graubman

1907

Latin Course

Julia E. Theorell
Fred B. Smith
C. William Nelson
Oral M. Haslett

Commercial Course

Ida M. Drowty

1908

Latin Course

Esther E. Pillman
Camilla LaB. Babcock
Naomi K. Setterdahl
Bertha C. Carlson
John C. Hoeckelberg

Commercial Course

Camilla LaB. Babcock
Wm. H. Hoeckelberg
Hugo A. Peterson

1909

Four Year Latin Course

Olga Linnea Theorell
Laura A. Johnson
Frank James Rader
Mary T. Kossakowski
Martin Cohen

Three Year Commercial Course

Vada Sheeley
Frank Martin Kemp
Laura A. Johnson
Edward B. Aspland
Huldah S. Johnson
Mary T. Kossakowski

Four Year Commercial Course

Emma Mary Goodwin

1910

Four Year Latin Course

E. Bernice Ruggles
Arthur D. Pillman
Coral Toseland
Joseph Boo
Jane R. Hoham
Wesley Lawrence

Four Year English

Joseph Boo

1911

Latin Course

Sarah Cohen
Lillie Nickel
Hazel Spencer
Walter Bedenkop

Commercial Course

Elmer Lahayn

1912

Latin Course

Ernest Pillman
Edna Erickson
Claude Brown
Oliver Reese
Florence Pelham
Clara Kossakowski

Commercial Course

Mildred Shaner
Clara Kossakowski
Ivy Lahayn

1913

Latin Course

Clarence Bennett
Mabel Richardson
Ethel Rosenquist
Geneva Weiss
Theodore Johnson
Fern Mabin
Leonard Ruggles
Winona Babcock
Theresa Johnson

Commercial Course

Henry Rhoda
Roy Drowty

1914

Latin Course

Martha Graubman
Mabelle Hollar
Ebba Johnson
Oliver Johnson
Jennie Cohen
Selma Lindstedt
Martin Nelson
Elsie Nickel
Anna Krieger
Joseph Stephens
Carl Sward
Leslie Weiss
Leila Reese

English Course

Hiram Greene
Alice Charlson

Business Course

Faye Dillingham

Class Will

Since we fear that the ordeal of graduation may prove too great, we make this, our last will and testament, and do bequeath:

First—To Miss Bassett, a Senior class which has read "Julius Caesar."

Second—To Miss Crane, a sink that will not "run."

Third—To Miss Swanson, a set of Myer's histories.

Fourth—To Mr. Goldsborough, a Chemistry class, all members of which can get the same answer for the same problem.

Fifth—Our sewing chairs to the domestic science class of next year.

Sixth—To the Freshies: Louder voices so we won't have to will Miss Bassett an ear trumpet.

Seventh—To Raymond Charlson, all success in completing his recent invention, the "Perpetual Motion Machine."

Eighth—To certain Sophomore girls, we express our wish that they, as Juniors, may over-

come their emotions to such an extent as to avoid any further "weeps."

Ninth—To Pearl, Ethel's poetical genius so that she may be the 1916 class poetess.

Tenth—To Cleo: The faculty of keeping a girl.

Eleventh—To Charles Beck: A bottle of cough syrup.

Twelfth—To Thelma, a hair frizzler.

Thirteenth—To Miss Linstadt, a correct answer book for Commercial Arithmetic.

Fourteenth—To Olive Dille, all the candy she can eat.

Fifteenth—To Cleo Brown, an unlimited right to filibuster in history class next year.

Sixteenth—To the Juniors, our precociousness.

Lastly—To the school as a whole, a new Bible.

We hereby affix our seal, this 16th day of April, 1915.



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